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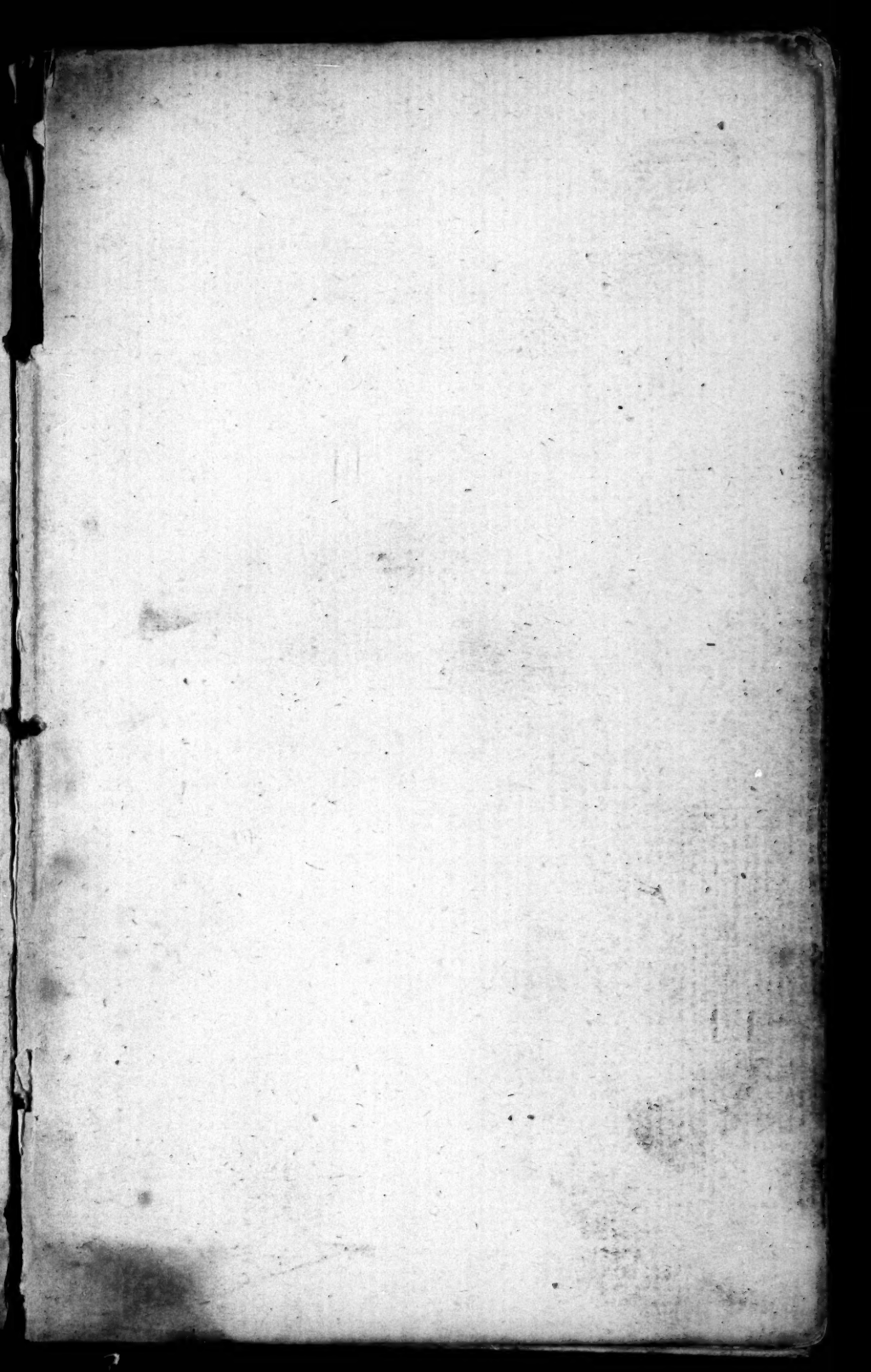
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Very Scarcely known

12314 bb 30.

A
T O U R
TO THE
ISLE OF LOVE.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.



PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

A
T O U R
TO THE
ISLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE CASINA, &c.

————— O con quant' arte
E per che ignote strade egli conduce
L'huom ad esser beato, e frà le gioie
Del suo amoroso PARADISO il pone!

Taff. Amin. atto. quinto, sc. 1.

Lifèz, belle Sophie, à loisir cet ouvrage;
Il parle d'un païs charmant, aimable et doux:
Il n'est pas mal-aisé d'en faire le voyage;
Vous le pouvez SANS PARTIR de chez vous.

An.

LONDON:

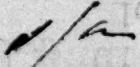
PRINTED FOR THEOPHILUS THORNTON,
SOUTHAMPTON STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1788.

T O U R
ISLE OF MAN
PUBLISHED BY THE
AUTHOR & THE EDITOR



TO
WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq.


MY MUCH ESTEEM'D FRIEND,

THIS chequered account of
the progress of Passion, was
begun at the earnest desire of
a young Friend, who, after
one *little* month's connubial
happiness, lost the choice of
his heart, and the partner of
his pleasures.—They are his
OWN

own descriptions I have taken care to copy; and as Nature prompted what his Passion inspirited, I must have done him little justice, if the TOUR he made should not give satisfaction.

To a heart formed as your's is, it may not be unpleasant to anticipate a few of the sensations which an actual survey of THIS ISLAND may one day or other raise: but, as that heart is deserving of the sweetest,

est, may it never experience the more acute feelings here alluded to.

Much of the poetry was first imagined in the shades of Worcester Park; and I shall only think well of it, in proportion as it meets with the applause of the happy owner.

I ever am, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

of may it never experience
the more acute feelings here
described.

Many of the poetry was
first imagined in the shades
of Westcott Park; and I shall
only think well of it in pro-
portion as it agrees with the
spirit of the happy owner.

I over and do.

THE AUTHOR.

A

T O U R, &c.

IT is a duty I owe you, my dear
T——r, to impart my concerns
to you; and after a year's absence, to
relieve you from the uneasiness which
the uncertainty of my fate must have
created. Since I last took leave of
you, I have seen many a distant re-
gion: but in my present situation, I
do not know if I shall have strength
enough to give you any tolerable ac-
count of my voyage. The recollec-

B

tion

tion of past, increases my present sufferings ; and memory adds to my grief, by recalling pleasures of which there only now remains the sad remembrance. Pouring out our souls in the bosom of a friend, is some solace to our misfortunes. The varied story will numb my pangs, and grant a momentary truce to my sighs.

Conceal, busy Mem'ry, my sorrows the while :

Let the tear, my sad eyes, yield its place to a smile :

Forbear too, my voice, to complain to thy friend ;

And thy fears, oh my heart, for a moment suspend !

Ye are happy no more ! then enjoy the past scene,

For the landscape of life cannot always be green.

It is now a year and upwards, you know, since I embarked on the

ocean,

ocean, with many people of all ages and conditions, for the most part however extremely unthinking, bound for the country called PLEASURE. We had a prosperous voyage during some days; but near the borders of an Island, where we wished to land for refreshment, there arose a furious tempest; and a contrary wind blew with such violence, that we were driven in a direction diametrically opposite to that we meant to sail to. During four or five hours, we were, every moment, in expectation of the last fatal billow: after which time, the sky resumed its serenity, the sun sat triumphant on the burning horizon, and

we found ourselves close to a range of enchanted gardens which encircled the Island. Curiosity was instantly eager to know the name of this delicious spot. Fortunately for us, a passenger who had once before made that voyage, gave us the following information.

We are near the blest shores of the Islands enchanted,
To mortals in ages of innocence granted.

The spot which you see, is the Island of Love :

The favourite work of th' Immortals above.

The prince, and the peasant, the young, and the old,

Their course, once in life, by this Island must hold :

When enter'd, they all are desirous to stay,

For the joys of a year, seem the joys of a day.

Full thousands of havens this Island can boast :

And 'tis easy to land on this fortunate coast.

The Graces and Loves to this Island repair ;

And each has its harbour assign'd to its care.

The

ISLE OF LOVE.

The arms of the gay God of Love they all wield,
And the vessel that bounds on these billows must yield.

While this man of age was giving
us the description, our vessel was approaching the Island with great rapidity ; and by the time he had finished, every object was distinguishable.

The seas that encircl'd those shores of delight,
Like a mirror of chrystal lay calm to the sight.
Young Zephyrs, low panting, lay all but asleep,
And trembled to wound the smooth face of the deep.
The tints of the garden, like stars scatter'd round,
Form'd a heav'n upon earth, and a sky on the ground.

And indeed the skirts of the Isle drew
the eye on, in a circle of variegated
beauties. Through this labyrinth of
pleasure, we saw infant Loves, young
Graces,

Graces, the Smiles, the Charms, the Winks, the Nods, the Attractions, the soft Deceits, the roguish Arts, and all the army of Love: some gliding smoothly on, hand in hand; some knit in a wanton circle; some fluttering in a cluster; some playing; some sporting in wild frolic, and some rolling on the enamelled turf. What struck me with most astonishment, was to see those bright groups shaded, as it were, with faces both old and ugly. The same venerable man who had described the Island to us, observing my wonder, said,

The king of this place is a despotic God,
Thro' the wide range of being, all bend to his nod!

His



His power is impartial, and still is the same,
In beauty's bright shape, or the crazy old frame.
To punish rebelling indiff'rence, he stamps
A fatal attachment to wrinkles and cramps.

While he was thus speaking, I stopped to consider, with a very peculiar attention, a female who was one of those whom we had seen walking gently along the shrubby borders. She was in the midst of the Charms and the Graces; and the radiance of her countenance was such, that it almost extinguished their beauty. I cannot help owning to you, that my heart felt an emotion it had never before experienced.

For all the allurements of rosy-lip'd youth,
All that ties down the heart to the tenderest truth;

The

The freshness of morn, and the mildness of May,
The soft rising splendour of light's mellow ray,
The bloom of the peach, and the jessamine white,
All the charms of fair Nature appear'd in that sight !

Meanwhile, about a dozen of small barks were detached from the shore : they were all ornamented with penfile and circumambient wreathes. The rainbow is not so versicoloured as was the filken cordage. The places for the Rowers were crouded with emulous little Loves ; myriads of new-fledged Zephyrs, their pinions loaded with the aromatic breath of roses and ilies, fanned pleasure through the group, and wafted towards us the glistening fleet. As soon as they had rowed up to our vessel, the artless strains of
un-

unfettered melody conveyed these
sounds to our ears.

Fond strangers, who sail to these regions of Pleasure,
In quest of Love's gain, and of youth's only treasure,
Ah ! pause not to land and enjoy the dear blessing ;
For life without love is a journey distressing.

With that, legions of Zephyrs flew
all around us ; stretched out their
hands to us, and, sweetly smiling, in-
vited us to follow them. Every thing
I saw made so strange an impression
upon my senses, that I was no longer
master of my feelings. The adorable
creature that I had seen, and whom I
would have given the world to see
again, together with a sensation, which

C

at

at that moment thrilled on my heart-strings, determined me to land on that Island. I gave myself up to the guidance of the Zephyrs. They conveyed me into one of the barks. The little rowing Loves received me with a profusion of caresses.

Many of our passengers followed my example, but there were a few who remained on board, and rallied those who departed. I was amazed at their apathy, when I heard them exclaim after us,

Go, seek real bliss where the fires of Love burn !

And tell what it is, if you e'er can return ?

We,

We, however, were gaily shooting
into the tranquil haven, to the dulcet
sounds of the exulting squadron ; and
by the time they had bound our temples
with wreaths of myrtle, we were
all safely landed on the joyous beach.

In the haven, a Goddess, commanding in mien,
By her gesture severe, in her manner serene ;
Calm REASON,—with looks that made way to the soul,
Forbade us to land, in a voice of controul.
But, our senses o'er powered by the noise of the train,
The peril she painted, was painted in vain.

So that, without listening to her counsel,
I flew on the wings of impatience
towards the place where I had seen the
lovely creature who had seduced me

into the Isle of Love. On my approaching it, a man whom I saw behind her, with one single look chilled my very soul. He was tall, and of noble deportment, but extremely serious and grave; his eyes were the seat of modesty; his countenance was softened into awful submission; and while he looked at me, he held his finger on his mouth. He was accompanied by a young female, who walked in his track; her attitude, her action, her demeanour were the same as his. She was ever and anon looking round her, in watchful observation. A little Love who had offered himself

to

to be my guide, and instruct me during
my journey, told me,

That form so severe, is RESPECT, son of Love,

Conceiv'd by ESTEEM in the regions above :

But in this fair Island his name is rever'd,

And the Lover who flights him, by Beauty is fear'd.

To please him, its office the tongue must refuse,

Nay, the eyes, in obedience, their language must lose.

The faithful companion thou see'st by his side,

Is CAUTION, the Lover's directress and guide.

In the moment that Passion stirs up his desire,

It is Caution alone who represses the fire.

Instructed by so good a master, I
paid a world of civilities to RESPECT
and to CAUTION, and lowly besought
them that they would stand my friends.

They

They promised me their countenance in the most obliging manner possible I then tremblingly approached the heavenly form which had captivated me. I prayed her permission to hand her through the underwood. There was a degree of haughtiness in the manner she accepted my offer; and, after just hinting at a few topics of an indifferent nature, she left me.

As night was coming on, my little guide led me to a neighbouring village, where we were extremely ill lodged. The name of the village is SOLICITUDE, so called after the lady of the manor, whom we went to see. It would

would be a hard matter to describe her to you ; for she never is in a settled situation. At one time she starts up, at another, she lies down ; sometimes her steps are measured and slow, and then again, so rapid, that there is no overtaking her. She never sleeps, and of course is frightfully emaciated. She is ever reproached for inattention to her dress and person. Her hair lies scattered round her shoulders, and through her frequent rubbing, it seems standing on end round her forehead and temples. After having paid my obeisance to her, which she took no manner of notice of, I went to lay myself down on a hard couch, where

it

it was impossible for me to taste repose. The fair creature being still present to my imagination, I could not refrain from exclaiming,

What ails my poor heart? All its feelings are new,
Pale sadness has tinged every thought with its hue.
My words are all broken, by sobs and by sighs;
And only one image starts up to my eyes;
Is it thine, O Lucinda!——In one fatal hour,
Hast thou robb'd me of ease, and of peace, and of power?

The following morning I rose betimes, and my little guide conducted me to another village called ASSIDUITY, which had an appearance quite different from that of SOLICITUDE. It

was

was, in my mind, one of the sweetest places I had yet seen.

Of the Island of Love all the subjects repair
To this village inventive, to study with care,
All the wants and the wishes of those they adore,
Who croud every day, the fond haunts to explore.
There the myrtle and laurel grow lofty, to screen
The houses so gay, of this hamlet so green.
The breeze to the bow'rs carries Joy on its wings;
And Rapture inspires, while the blest shepherd sings.
The blue-eyes of Pleasure shoot mirth thro' the throng,
While they join in the dance, or unite in the song:
The features of Vice are unknown in those plains;
And the canker of Grief never preys on the swains.
The fordid grow lib'ral, the peevish grow mild,
The foolish grow witty, and gentle the wild.
There Woe leaves its darkness, and springs into dawn;
And sweet Unanimity reigns o'er the lawn.

D

The

The greatest cleanliness is religiously observed in this village. Complacency, gaiety, amusements of every kind, even magnificence, with all the varied pleasures that art and imagination can call forth, are there in perpetual succession; and, to compleat all this, every thing is done in the most engaging manner possible. On my arrival, I felt myself in a disposition so placid, and so loving, that I was all ingenuity, in order to find out what might afford my Lucinda even a moment's pleasure. With this design, after having carefully attended to the elegance and simplicity of my dress, my guide led me to her, my bosom full of the
serenest

sereneſt ſatisfaction I had ever experienced. But I found myſelf under the neceſſity of going back to ſleep at SOLICITUDE, for there are no lodgings to be had at ASSIDUITY; ſo that I again paſſed a very uneaſy night, impatient as I was to ſee my Lucinda again. I enjoyed only one hour's ſleep, but that hour of repoſe was worth a thouſand, for it bleſt me with the following dream.

Methought, while my arms too impatient, imprefs'd,
And ſtrain'd, the full charms of her form to my breaſt;
Methought ſhe expired! 'Till her blue-beaming eye
Reſum'd its full ray.---Not unwilling to die,
Methought, ſhe again, in a freſh glow of charms,
All love, all obedience, ruſh'd into my arms!

So close our embrace, and our joys so extreme,
That I woke, and alas ! found it was but a dream.

I returned the next day, early in the morning, to ASSIDUITY ; and the manner in which Lucinda received me was more kind and amiable than it had yet been. I felt no pang except what I endured when I went to sleep at SOLICITUDE ; but, a certain time being elapsed, after having done all that was in my power, to gain the good graces of Lucinda, she, one day, took it in her head to go to another village, which was known by the name of KIND-RECEPTION. It was so called after the Lord of the Manor, than whom a more obliging and civil gentleman

tleman I had never seen. He is easy of access, and receives every body with cordial benevolence. The Inhabitants of the place are also extremely complaisant, and Lucinda sweetly followed their example. She received me with great kindness, and by her way of acting, I had reason to believe she was by no means sorry to see me.

The condescending behaviour of Lucinda, induced my guide to convey me to a more comfortable lodging at HOPE, an extremely beautiful and large city; which, by the continual influx of multitudes swarming from all sides around, was populous beyond description.

scription. The greatest part of the town is built on sand, and the foundations hollow; so that there is not a day passes without edifices crumbling into ruin. The rest of the city is founded on a rock, and bids defiance to Time. The whole town is situated on the river PRETENSION, which takes its source in a mountain of that name, in the vicinity of HOPE. Nothing can look more beautiful than this river; but the greatest perils await those who sail on it. It even eats into the foundations of the houses built on its banks; still however, while these houses last, imagination can frame nothing so delightful as the view they command.

This

This river is famous for the shipwreck of many illustrious names. A strong sensation seized me to bathe in it; and the little fool of a LOVE who had offered himself as my guide, was very carelessly suffering me to plunge into it, when all of a sudden, RESPECT, followed by CAUTION, stood betwixt me and the stream, and told me, that I was rushing to my destruction; and that without exposing myself in PRETENSION, I might felicitate myself that I was safely lodged in HOPE.

With humble gratitude I returned them a thousand thanks for the seasonable

sonable monition, and made the best of my way to that side of the town which was furthest from the river : 'twas there that I saw the palace of the princess HOPE, who is esteemed the oracle of the Island of Love, though it is not always safe to trust to what she says ; for,

She promises much, but she seldom performs ;

She seduces the heart into Love's cruel storms :

But when on the billows of Passion we ride,

Her anchor proves false, and runs off with the tide.

On entering her palace, the first objects we met with, are the THOUGHTS, who hold their flight, sometimes in upper, sometimes in nether, and sometimes

times in middle air, according as fancy prompts them. When I entered, I found them prudent enough, for their flight was uniform, and rather beneath the equator of their course. I was then presented to the princess HOPE, whose charming countenance won my heart the moment I saw her : an inborn smile kept it in perpetual light ; her physiognomy was soft and engaging ; and it is impossible to know what irksomeness is in her company. The afflicted she comforts ; the haughty she emboldens, and pours sweet and soft flattery into the ears of those whose wishes are moderate. While I was in her presence, there entered two

E

men ;

men; the first of whom had placed his affections so high, that he did not dare presume to succeed: the other, in a similar situation, laid a sure foundation of success on his fortune. I was astonished at the address of the princess, while she consoled the former, and encouraged the latter.

There is nothing that Time and Respect cannot do,
And obstinate Love may work wonders for you.

Then turning herself round to the other, she said,

It is noble to conquer an obdurate Fair,
And tho' you should fail, it is god-like to dare.

As for me, after hearing my story,

ry, and finding my wishes very much within the bounds of reason, she said to me,

By your care, and your prudence, and passion so tender,
Ere long, you will force her proud heart to surrender.

Though I knew she had something flattering to say to every body, her words notwithstanding made me pass that night with more tranquility than usual. The day after, my conductor signified a desire of bringing me to the city of DECLARATION; but while we were bending our way thither, we again fell in with RESPECT, and I thought I observed vexation in his looks: he gave me to understand that

E 2

I was

I was pushing on too fast, and even
reprimanded my guide with severity.
The little LOVE, unable to suffer the
reproach, exclaimed,

What! must we for ever then journey in vain?
And is there no end to our grief, to our pain?
Must we taste no repose, in pursuit of a fair,
Whose heart perhaps knows not the source of our care?
Still martyrs to passion, shall Time run along,
And give to Despair, what to Love should belong?
Strong passion may break the weak thread of our day,
While we meanly resign all to chance or delay;
In hopes, that, at last, she may smile on our fate;
Forgetting how often the Fair smile too late.

It shall not be so, rejoined RE-
SPECT; and, if you, said he, turning
to

to me, will follow my steps, your love shall soon be made known, without going to DECLARATION; besides, added he, assure yourself you will always find Lucinda where I convey you; whereas I am confident she would have remained only one day at DECLARATION, and that you would never again have seen her. I gave myself up to these reasons, maugre all that love could say to the contrary.

With RESPECT I went to a fortress of which he is governor. It is a citadel, guarded by many impregnable bastions. The walls are so lofty that the sight cannot reach their summit; and

and so broad and strong, that Time could never move them. The entrance is a small wicket, where MODESTY, SILENCE, and SECRECY stand centinels.

MODESTY is a matron remarkably serious, without affecting to be so: the look of her eye is settled; restraint alone was visible in it. SIMPLICITY, who had dressed her, had taken care to conceal her arms and her neck.

SILENCE appeared such as you have seen him painted; his eyes half closed, his body half averted, and holding his finger on his lips. As for SECRE-

CY,

cy, nobody sees him; he is there hidden in an obscure niche, whence he never ventures to come out, but when a happy opportunity serves. If at times there drop a word from his mouth, it is in the lowest whisper. His sense of hearing is acutely subtle; a sign alone conveys a whole sentence to him. We entered the citadel as being in the suite of RESPECT, without speaking a word, and almost unseen; and we observed that

The houses are guarded by dreary walls round,

And the step that is made, is a step without sound.

No assembly, nor croud; and they walk in the night!

And not one affair is transacted in light!

There's

There's none knows his neighbour : they meet but by
chance,

And when they want aid, there's no friend to advance.

There is but one language, and that too is mute ;

A language design'd through the bosom to shoot.

A tongue without motion, that speaks to the eye,

And draws the salt tear, or commands the deep sigh.

This fortress was called DISCRETION, after the name of the daughter of RESPECT, governor of this citadel. She is wonderfully handsome ; but, at first sight, not very pleasing. They who are well acquainted with her, are very fond of her conversation. Her eyes are piercing and animated ; and when they please, make themselves be understood by every body. Her countenance is commanded
by

by restraint and prudence ; but to an observer, there appear an adroitness and cunning, which she only puts forth at pleasure.

After having saluted her, I begged to know, in a very distant manner, where Lucinda lived. As soon as I had received the necessary information, I made haste to take lodgings in a house at a considerable distance from her's ; and whenever it was my felicity to see her, my conversation was very wide of Love. Thus I lived many a heavy hour in this fortress, uncomfortable to myself, and unknown to every body else.

The tear I indulg'd, and I vented the sigh,
And without my Lucinda, I fear'd I should die.
In death, or Lucinda, I look'd for a friend,
To smother my love, or my sorrows to end.
One comfort was left, a sad comfort to me!
Sometimes 'twas allow'd me, my charmer to see!
But when the blest vision shot joy thro' my heart,
I was doom'd at that moment to see it depart.

Very often my guide pitied me,
and often too he wished to leave me;
but I was so desirous to please him,
that he never could resolve on abandoning me. After a certain period of
time, it fell to my lot to be still more
wretched; for, Lucinda perceiving
by my actions, that I loved her, withdrew
into the cavern of Cruelty.

This

This cavern is within so abrupt a rock, that it is almost inaccessible. The entrance is forbidden to all Lovers, and Tygers guard the gloomy pass. I did all I could to hinder Lucinda from entering; but I was repulsed by a woman, tall and ugly, whose looks were haggard and ferocious; her eye-balls were upon the point of starting from her head; her arms were brawny and dry; her treatment was barbarous and tormenting; and, one glance alone from her blood-shot eyes, filled the heart with despair. Her name was CRUELTY; and I was given to understand that she was the inseparable companion of Beauty and Youth. I was so ter-

rified, that I instantly retired, and seating myself on the border of a great river which flows from the root of the rock, I could not help thus complaining :

The torrent that rolls from this deep rooted stone,
Flows on as the wretches who fill it bemoan.
Their tears have made way thro' the rock and the sound;
And all, but fell Cruelty weep at the sound.

This torrent is lined by a very deep and melancholy grove. There is not a tree on whose bark the lamentable story of some lover is not engraven : every avenue sounds with mournings and reproaches. There Echo repeats the saddest things ; and every covert sends

sends forth the dismal word, DEATH.
There it was, that giving myself up
to despair, and hopeless of ever re-
gaining Lucinda from the grasp of
CRUELTY, I often poured forth this
plaint:

Ah ! will not Lucinda then hear me complain !

The woods and the rocks are alive to my pain,

In pity they hear me, but cannot give aid ;

And I die, tho' I'm heard by so lovely a maid !

It was thus I courted Echo to re-
peat the strains of my misery. Re-
pose I was a stranger to ; and tears
were incessantly flowing from my
eyes. I never quitted the rock where
I was in hopes of meeting with Lu-
cinda ;

cinda ; but she was always accompanied by CRUELTY, whom, by every kind of submission and obsequiousness, I strove in vain to mollify. One day that I was more desperate than usual, my guide led me to the brink of a deep lake.

The Lake of Despair, where poor Lovers betray'd,
Cease at last to remember the charms of the maid,
Whose falshood has forced them to take the dire leap,
And consign all their woes and their love to the deep.
The dark trees of Death throw their shade on the lake,
And the Zephyrs all tremble, the surface to shake ;
Wild Cygnets, in terror, swim round the dire wave,
And the long-hunted stag in that pool will not lave.
For the peasants at eve, see the phantoms deplore,
And the groans of drown'd Lovers are heard round the
shore.

All

Along the borders, I saw a lamentable group of Lovers, who were all upon the point of plunging into the lake : myself was within a hair's breadth of rushing into it. But I be-
thought me that I would once more try my fate with Lucinda and CRUELTY. I therefore went and laid myself down at the entrance of the cavern, resolved not to leave it until Lucinda should appear. In this situation my eyes gave source to a new rivulet of tears ; and my complaints drew upon me fell CRUELTY's indignation. In short, had it not been for Love, I must infallibly have perished. One day, I saw a young female

male pass on before me, of a delicate shape, and sympathizing look; she wept as she looked at me; and it seemed as if she shed her tears on my misfortunes.

How I pity the Lover who sighs thus in vain,

How painful his sorrow, how sad is his pain!

I felt myself so much indebted to that amiable form, that I enquired what her name was, and Love told me she was called PITY; who frequently came in this manner to alleviate the sufferings of some wretched Lover; and, that if she did but interest herself in my behalf, she could force

force Lucinda from the cavern of
CRUELTY.

To avail myself of this information, I endeavoured to excite commiseration in the breast of PITY, by representing to her the deplorable state I was in. She was so sensible to my complaint, that she promised me her assistance; nor was it long before I experienced the effect of her promise. After having gone a few times round the rock of CRUELTY, she at last perceived Lucinda; and, with tears in her eyes, told her in sad simplicity, the state of her woe-worn Lover. The irresistible language of PITY pierced

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the heart of the beauteous Inhuman. Two drops of trickling dew, stealing down her cheeks, fell upon her breast, and sent a new heat to her heart. That favourable instant was not neglected by PITY. She brought Lucinda to me, and warmly painted how little I deserved such treatment. As soon as Lucinda had seen me, her colour changed. She tenderly listened to the reproaches of Love; kindly told me I had reason to complain, but assured me it should not be long so. CRUELTY, informed of her resolution, endeavoured to smother the rising affection; but PITY repelled her, and restored Lucinda to me; who,

who, as she gently gave me her hand
to raise me, said,

If I cherish a passion so true and so try'd,
Be grateful to PITY you see by my side.
Her tender entreaties have softened this heart,
Whose only wish ~~now is to~~ lessen your smart.
Then live, dearest Thyrsis, and hope for that day,
When all that I owe you, this hand shall repay.

Inexpressible joy shone through my
soul at these heavenly words: in a
moment I found myself raised from
the most wretched, to the happiest of
human conditions; and, I exclaimed
in extasy,

Exult, O my heart! thou art wretched no more:

Forget all thy sufferings, and cease to deplore;

Enjoy the new life that Lucinda has given ;
Be grateful to PITY, to her, and to Heaven :
As she's the source of thy bliss, from her feet
Depart not, till Nature forbids thee to beat.

I now tasted a felicity that I had hitherto looked on, as distant as Heaven. A thousand times did I bless the miseries I had undergone ; and one kind instant alone effaced them all from my memory. But PITY was not satisfied with drawing Lucinda from this unpleasant mansion. She brought her as far as CONFIDENCE ; and being about to leave us, in order to assist some other wretched Lovers, I begged her to remember that she was still necessary

cessary to me ; and she promised me her aid in the hour of need : with that she introduced us to CONFIDENCE, and took her leave. The village where CONFIDENCE lives, is, properly speaking, nothing more than a country seat. To me it appeared the most agreeable I had ever seen. CONFIDENCE is but a girl. Her countenance is ever marked with candour and frankness. You may read into the very bottom of her soul, and know every one of her sentiments ; her equanimity is the very soul of good humour ; and she pleasantly calls her Chateau, the Hall of Liberty : around it we find the RENDEZVOUS, which are a number of small
concealed

concealed arbours; the avenues and alleys to which, are so secured and winding, that they impede all interruption. There Pleasure and Love may hold converse the live-long day without molestation. There, at any, and every hour, Lovers are permitted to meet and pour out the secrets of their hearts; and as stolen effusions are the sweetest, they slip from one bower to another, and never meet twice in the same. Notes of love, curiously folded and fastened to the branches round, are the only ornaments of this little paradise. The days I there passed were all happy. Indeed they were the happiest of my life,

life, for I was always with my Lucinda. She imparted all her thoughts to me, and all my soul was open to her.

It is love and not wit, that such thoughts can discover,
Such raptures no mortal can know but a Lover.
Her lip to my lip, and her eye meeting mine,
The whisper so close, and the touch so divine,
The secret effusion, the keen indication,
The short single word full of dear declaration;
The troths and the tenders that presence inspires,
All, all were mine still, had I check'd my desires.

There was scarce a mark of friendship, or an instance of affection, that a little entreaty did not obtain from her. In short, I led the most agreeable life in the world, had I been contented,

tented; but my little guide was always urging me to lead her to his temple. We always quarrelled when I hinted that subject. At last, after many foolish attempts of mine, we both of us left the seat of CONFIDENCE at the same time. No sooner had we stepped out of her territory, than a man who assumed an air of high authority, stood suddenly before us. His mighty arm violently tore Lucinda from me. It was in vain I strove against this seeming brutality: and, as I was about to make use of the milder means of supplication, he, without even casting a look on me, led my Lucinda off. She, on her
side,

fide, could do nothing but give me one last look, with these words :

Stern DUTY compels me, and I must obey:

Farewell ! be *thou* faithful, *my* heart shall not stray.

I remained motionless at this sight; and, without speaking a word, saw her making from me. My first movement, however, was to fly after her, and forcibly tear her from the arm of DUTY, which she held ; but the seasonable arrival of RESPECT and CAUTION hindered me. This unexpected meeting shocked me at first, but their advice had done me so much good, that I made up my mind still to adhere to it.

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I then betook me to a desert, thinking solitude alone suitable to the then melancholy cast of my mind. It was a place imprisoned [by a circle of mountains, and far from the commerce of the world. One house alone is seen there, and even that is buried in the bosom of a dark grove. It is the abode of a sad personage, called ABSENCE. She is scarce ever seen. Her eyes are always drenched in tears. Her mien is ever dejected; her neglected robes are black; and wherever she goes, REVERIE, her emaciated companion, goes with her. She never fixes her eyes on any one object. She looks at every thing, without seeing any

any thing. She is always inattentive. Her mind is never collected, and she seldom gives an answer but to particular questions. She seems lost in her own thoughts, and is fond of no company but her own. A distant waterfall, a brook's melancholy murmur, and the evening song of the Nightingale are all the entertainment she desires.

I grew very fond of her, and fell involuntarily into her way of acting. I lost myself in the desarts, with my sorrows all about me: and, alone, like her, I loved nothing but the groves, the brooks, and sad echo.

Mean while my heart was tortured within me; the desire of seeing my Lucinda still remained with me, and it was out of my power to satisfy it. What made me still more wretched, was, that time, in that lonely place, was of longer duration than in any other part of the world. The moments are hours there, and hours are days. You can scarce pass by a bush without meeting with some of those dire beings, called THE HORRORS. They are of a very peculiar species; tall, meagre, loathsome; and so numerous, that it is impossible avoiding them. At last, tired of my life, and wishing

wishing to die, I carved these lines on
the bark of an old cypress :

Oh ! Death, the resource of the wretched ! repair
To these regions of horror, these dells of despair.
My soul has for ever lost all it held dear,
Thou, relief to all troubles, kind tyrant, appear !
See, the half of a heart struggles vainly, to end
An existence divided—and find thee its friend.
I have deafen'd the woods, and the wilds with my groans,
And my long falling tears have embowell'd the stones !
The hoary Inhabitants of the dire vale,
Forget their own woes, to give ear to my tale.
I have lost my Lucinda ! lost all but my breath,
Which, to end every pang, I resign to thee, DEATH.

It was thus I expressed the horrors
of absence ; and had no other kind
of

of consolation than what my little guide, who still remained with me, had to offer: but my life would have been very short, had not Lucinda, after having prevailed on DUTY, recalled me from banishment. I instantly forgot all my sufferings, and flew to see my charmer, with all the mad impatience of a Lover. But I was cruelly disappointed, for I found her in a place, to which peace of mind has ever been a stranger.

There rage and vexation, disgust and strong hate,

Round the throne of one object eternally wait.

The prince and the hero, the friend and the brother,

Own no law but Love, and destroy one another.

The

The generous, the brave, as their passion inspires,

Forget even honour, to crown their desires.

This place is called RIVALRY. As soon as I came there, I saw a croud of people round my Lucinda, who, at my arrival, reddened with anger, and did all they could to hinder me from speaking to her. My breast darkened with hatred against them; and, after a few glances at Lucinda, thinking she countenanced them, I allowed my little guide to lead me to the palace of JEALOUSY, in the vicinage of RIVALRY. This palace is a thousand times more disagreeable than all the rest; for the evils you suffer in the realms of ABSENCE and CRUELTY, are

are nothing when compared with the despotic barbarity of JEALOUSY. Rains beat, winds howl, tempests roar, and lightning perpetually flashes around her dismal mansion. There the foggy air is loaded with vapour, and an eternal mist multiplies and aggrandizes every object. The slightest shadow is looked upon as a formidable phantom, and an airy phantom inspires corporeal dread. The place is surrounded by precipices; and the visitant is lost through the baneful obscurity. At the entrance of this palace, we meet with HASTINESS, DISTRUST, and the VISIONS; who, when you look at them, affect the eyes in such a manner

manner, that you always look at the wrong side of things. HASTINESS is ever in agitation, without any reason in the world; speaks extremely fast, utters his sentences at random, and with little or no reflection.

The VISIONS are always their own tormentors, because, they are always afraid of the phantoms they themselves raise.

As soon as I entered, they made me partake of a beverage, which changed me entirely from what I was.

In a moment I fancied crimes, falsehood, and treason;
And I thought my suspicions were sanction'd by reason.

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I be-

I became my own torment, and found every where
A source of distrust, or a cause of despair.

In this unhappy situation I went to see JEALOUSY, who was, at once, ugly, bony, and surrounded with snakes, which were incessantly gnawing her vitals. Her looks were sinister; and every thing she stared at, she suspected. She threw one of her serpents at me, which, enraged as I then was, added to my fury. I then flew from her, precipitating my steps, without knowing whither I was running. If I chanced to see Lucinda in company, I feared approaching her. My heart trembled within me, and would have
given

given the world to have known what she said, and what was said to her; for, though I myself listened, there was something that hindered me from hearing any thing distinctly. There was not a word that dropped, that I did not construe into a meaning that tormented me. When any one whispered in her ear, the paleness of death suddenly spread itself over my countenance. Every little gesture, every little sign, I explained to the advantage of some by-stander; when she was out of my sight, fancy painted her in the arms of a rival; when she was alone, I imagined she was waiting for the accomplishment of

an appointment. In short, I was jealous of every thing I saw, and of every thing I did not see.

Ye flowers, and ye shrubs, and ye lawns of soft hue,

Why is my Lucinda more faithful to you ?

Her thoughts she imparts to the wind and the sea :

Ah ! were she but true, she'd impart them to me.

Lucinda, however, who knew my weakness, at first began by laughing it away. Good nature in a short time gave way to indignation. It was at that period that I became acquainted with a person who said he could cure me of my love and jealousy at once. His name was SPITE. He is a mortal enemy to every kind of ill-treatment,
and

and his resentment is such, that the very shadow of impertinence makes him hurry his friend from the danger of being insulted. Through his insinuations, I made a vow never to waste another thought on Lucinda: I even had the courage of passing three long days without seeing her; during which time I was a prey to the keenest distress. In a word, such was my anguish, that I preferred dying a martyr to the infidelity of Lucinda, than ceasing to love her. At last, PITY administered the relief she had promised me. She tore me from this dreadful abode, and presented me in all my wretchedness before the eyes
of

of Lucinda. The lovely creature kindly expostulated with me, pointed out and convinced me of all my errors. I threw myself at her feet, and a thousand times over implored her forgiveness.

No, lovely Lucinda! if e'er I'm distressed,
Henceforth the big anguish shall die in my breast.
My love shall be tender, my passion resign'd:—
Though fierce the affection, to you it is kind.

Lucinda, however, did not pardon me all at once. There subsisted a visible awkwardness whenever we met; and she often expressed a wonder that I could be guilty of such weakness. I strove to appease her, by saying,

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When Love has laid hold of the heart, not the head,

In a look there is fear, in a word there is dread.

And oh! my Lucinda, 'twas hard to be near,

To see others happy, and not shed a tear.

My supplications, in unison with the sympathy that drew her heart to mine, and which she had often owned to me when we were at CONFIDENCE, restored to me the place I had forfeited in her good graces.

In short, after many journies and fatigues, we arrived at the Capital of the Isle of Love. It is called after the Island itself; and it is there the Sovereign holds his Court, where there is not less elegance than magnificence; for

for it is made up of all nations, kings, princes, and subjects, and yet, what is most singular, not one appears more exalted than another. The city is very large, and the inhabitants are all indiscriminately mixed together. People of merit are frequently found with those who have none. The handsome and elegant very often give every thing up for those who are not so; a sign that the God who presides over them is a blind Deity. In the middle stands a celebrated temple, more ancient than the world, for Love was inshrined there, when he harmonized Chaos. This temple is spacious and immense: it can scarce
however

scarce however receive all the victims which are, every hour of the day, offered up in it. We too went to make offerings. When we entered, we were obliged to produce the victims, and these, we were given to understand, were our hearts. Lucinda still hesitated; but a group of DESIRES, with a slight degree of violence, got the better of her reluctance. Our hearts were therefore given as a burnt-offering to Love; but the flame that played around could not consume them. After the sacrifice, they were still intire, though burning.

I found, to my joy, in this mixture divine,

My heart lost in her's, and her heart lost in mine.

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So,

So, when the fond victims we went to resume,
She took up my heart, I took her's in its room.
Thus the God of them both, made her err for my sake,
But after th' exchange we both blest the mistake.

Behold me now arrived at the summit of happiness, and fearless of future sufferings. I remained some time longer in the Capital, enjoying all the heaven of tender reciprocity. This did not appear sufficient to me. I was desirous, besides, of conveying her to the palace of TRUE PLEASURE; a delicious country seat, *where Love pays his visits to Psyche*. We were now on our way thither, when it was our fate to meet with the most disagreeable of men. He was followed by a croud

croud of pale-faced women, who seemed extremely uneasy in their gait, but very solicitous in adjusting their veils. His name was HONOUR; and by his side stood a bending figure, without any kind of action; but whose face it was impossible to see. She was called SHAME. Both of them walked up to my Lucinda, and said a thousand things to her, which I could not help smiling at, but which she looked upon as so many reasons to deter her from continuing her route to the palace of TRUE PLEASURE. Had it not been for my little guide, I could not have prevailed upon her to disregard their counsel. He, however, got the

better of them both, and we proceeded on our way to the palace of TRUE PLEASURE. We were now almost at our journey's end, when we met with RESPECT and CAUTION. The countenance of the former, instead of being serious as usual, had something in it extremely gallant, playful, and smiling; and CAUTION seemed less ceremonious. About to take his leave of us, RESPECT saluted my Lucinda, and said,

Go, fortunate couple—go, taste now at last,

A bliss that compensates for all that is past.

Go, drink of the stream that Love pours without measure,

Nor CAUTION, nor I, dare intrude on that pleasure.

Saying

Saying this, he left us. Immediately on his departure I saw a female advancing, naked and beautiful. The hair on her forehead was long, but behind she was quite bald. She seemed in violent haste. There were many people round her. Some took no manner of notice of her; others pursued her in full speed: and every one seemed vexed that they had let her pass. My loving guide told me that she was OCCASION; that she alone had the interest of introducing people into the palace of TRUE PLEASURE; and that it was my business to seize on her, as it was not certain when she might return. In obedience to
his

his advice, I placed myself right in her way, and stopped her. She it was who at last persuaded my Lucinda to step into the palace of PLEASURE. It was a scene of delight, the brightest colouring of imagination can do no justice to.

The Spring is eternal, that reigns in those fields,
And the tree in full blossom its mellow fruit yields:
The Rose never dies there, but closes a while,
To sip fresher dew, and enliven its smile.
A verdure immortal spreads o'er the green lawn,
And their noon is as soft and serene as their dawn.
Every mound has its grot, which to veil from the sight,
The Eglantine, Ivy, and Myrtle unite.
Those grottos are sacred to Love's purest joys;
No sound there is heard, but the murmuring noise

Of sighs and soft complaints, of caresses and blisses,
Of wooing, imploring, kind whispers and kisses.
The Loves guard the place; and the rigorous Fair,
By command of the God, are forbid to be there.
The Roses of Pleasure spring fast in that ground,
And Liberty waves her wide banner around.

I will own that I never knew what
felicity was till then. Thinking my
every wish was now crowned, I did
not know how to shew myself suffici-
ently grateful to Fortune. But my
happiness was too great to be lasting,
for, alas! I soon saw an end to it.
Some few days previous to my disaster,
I met with a female, as displeasing as
she was discontented with every thing.
Having no care about her where
she

she dwells, she has no fixed abode. Even the most beautiful things become tiresome to her. Her name is NEGLECT. Her power is very great in the Island. They who mean to follow her, leave it without any kind of pain or regret. She conducts them to the Lake of Disgust, on the banks of which many a beautiful woman may be seen. I observed some who followed her; but I found her so ugly and so unreasonable, that I did not pass a moment with her. I returned to the palace of TRUE PLEASURE, where, a few days after, I met with the misfortune I alluded to, and

and which will affect every hour of my life.

One morning, in the midst of my delights, there appeared a man, who made an audacious intrusion upon my pleasures. His air was majestic and independent; his front erect, and high; his eyes and his whole countenance were those of a person of absolute power, and who knows not what it is to obey. In a word, it was FATE, whose laws are irrevocable. He tore my Lucinda from my arms, and, after many fruitless efforts on my side, carried her I know not whither; for,

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since that period, I have heard nothing of that treasure of my soul.

I immediately abandoned the palace of TRUE PLEASURE, which had now no charms for me, since my Lucinda was not there, and withdrew to the retirement whence I now write to you; and where, I believe, I shall pass the little portion of life that my grief allows me.

I am here on the top of a range of mountains called the DESART of AFFLICTION. The solitariness of the place is pleasant to me; but one disagreeable circumstance attends my situation. It is
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so extremely high, that from it you may discover the whole Island of Love; so that my misfortune is always before my eyes. This makes me truly wretched; for, on whichever side I turn, my eye falls on some object that recalls my past happiness.

The sun of my happiness rose on this shore,
And lighted my steps to a treasure in store:
The noon of my bliss was the gift of her heart,
And I thought that the ray was too fix'd to depart.—
She's gone! and has left me in darkness and tears,
For with her the sun of my bliss disappears.

There is now a considerable time
since I have been lingering here; and
I at last thought, my dear T——r,
that

that your friendship might reasonably complain of mine, if I did not impart the story of my misfortunes to you before I die. CONFIDENCE lives in this neighbourhood; and as all letters to and from this Island are in her charge, I will entrust her with this; and I hope it will arrive safely into your hands. Farewell! Pity my misfortunes—Perhaps the day may come, that you may want the consolation of which I now stand in need.

F I N I S.



